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Robin Hood's GARLAND;

BEING

A Complete HISTORY of all the Merry Exploits performed by him & his Men.

I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound
To hit the Mark aright, although
It were for fifteen hundred Pounds.
Doubt not I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold Robin Hood.

Preston: Printed and Sold by *W. Sergent.*

Robin Hood's GARLAND.

The Pedigree, Education, *and* Marriage *of* ROBIN HOOD *with Clorinda,* Queen *of Tibbany Feast.*

KIND Gentlemen, will you be ſilent a while
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon,
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his brave man Little John.
In Locksley Town, in merry Nottinghamſhire,
In merry ſweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.
The father of Robin a forreſter was,
And ſhot with a luſty ſtrong bow,
Two North-Country miles & an inch at a ſhoot
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.
He brought Adam Bell, & Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdel lee,
To ſhoot with a Foreſter for forty Marks,
And the Foreſter beat them all three.
His mother was Niece to the Coventry Knight,
Which Warwickſhire men call Sir Guy,
He ſlew the Blue Boar that hangs up at his gate
Or my hoſt at the bull tells a lye. [Hall,
Her Brother was Gamewell, of Great Gamewell
A noble Houſe-keeper was he,
As ever broke bread in ſweet Nottinghamſhire,
And a 'Squire of famous degree.
The mother of Robin ſaid to her huſband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamewell
To taſte of my Brother's good Cheer.
He ſaid, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,

Take one of my horſes I pray,
The ſun is ariſing, and therefore make haſte,
For to morrow is Chriſtmas Day.
ThenRobin's father's grey gelding was brought
And ſaddled and bridled was he;
God wot a blue bonnet, his new ſuit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.
She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were all of a Lincoln green,
The cloth was homeſpun, but for colour&make
It might have beſeemed our Queen,
And then Robin got on his baſket-hilt ſword,
And his dagger on the other ſide,
Now, my dear mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.
When Robin was mounted on his gelding grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.
When ſhe was ſettled, they rode to their friends,
And drank and ſhook hands with them all,
And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
'Till they 'lighted at Gamewell Hall.
Now you may think the worſhipful 'ſquire,
Was joyful his ſiſter to ſee;
He kiſs'd her, & ſtraightway ſwore a great oath
Thou art welcome kind ſiſter to me.
The morrow, when maſs had been ſaid in the [chapel,
Six tables were covered i'th hall,
And in comes the 'ſquire, & makes a ſhortſpeech
It was, gentlemen, you're welcome all.
But not a man here ſhall taſte my March beer,
Till a Chriſtmas Carol he does ſing,
Then all clap'd hands, and ſhouted, and ſung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.
Now muſtard and brawn, roaſt beef and plumb [pies,
Were ſet upon every table;
And noble George Gamewell ſaid, eat & be merry
And drink too as long as you're able.
When dinner was ended his chaplain ſaid grace
And be merry my friends, ſaid the 'ſquire,
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,

And lay ſome more wood on the fire.
And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols, & jugling, & twenty ſuch tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.
When Little John came to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown,
And what do you think? why as true as I live,
Bold Robin put them all down;
And now you may think the worſhipful 'ſquire,
Was joyful this fight for to ſee,
He ſaid, couſin Robin, thou go'ſt no more home
But tarry and dwell here with me.
Thou ſhalt have my land when I die, & till then
Thou ſhalt be the ſtaff of my age,
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, ſaid Robin
That Little John may be my page.
He ſaid, kind couſin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my heart, ſo let it be,
Then come hither Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page unto me;
Go fetch me my bow, my longeſt bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three.
For when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood
Some merry paſtime to ſee.
When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood
He winded his bugle ſo clear,
And twice five & twenty good yeomen & bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear,
Where are your companions all, ſaid *Robin Hood*
For I ſtill want forty and three;
Then ſaid a bold yeoman, lo yonder they ſtand
All under the green wood tree.
As that word was ſpoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the ſhepherds was ſhe;
Her gown was of velvet, as green as the graſs,
And her buſkin did reach to her knee:
Her gait it was graceful, her body was ſtraight
And her countenance free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling down by her ſweet ſide.
Her eye-brows were black, and ſo was her hair

And her skin was as ſmooth as glaſs,
Her viſage ſpoke wiſdom and modeſty too,
Sets with *Robin Hood* ſuch a laſs!
Says *Robin Hood* fair lady whither a away,
O whither, fair lady away?
And ſhe made him anſwer to kill a fat buck,
For to morrow is Titbury day.
Said Robin fair lady will you wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There ſit down to reſt you, & you ſhall be ſure
Of a brace, or a leaſh in an hour.
And as we were going towards the greenbower
Two hundred good bucks we eſpy'd,
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the herd,
And ſhot him thro' ſide and ſide.
By the faith of my body, ſaid bold *Robin Hood*,
I never ſaw woman like thee,
Com'ſt thou from eaſt, or com'ſt thou from weſt
Thou needs not beg ven'ſon of me.
However along to my bower you ſhall go,
And taſte of a forreſter's meat,
And when we come thither, we found as good
As any man need for to eat. [cheer,
For there was hot veniſon, & warden pies cold
Cream clouted, and honey combs plenty,
And the ſervitures there were beſides Little John
Good yeomen at leaſt four and twenty.
Clorinda ſaid, tell me your name, gentle ſir,
And he ſaid, 'tis bold *Robin Hood*,
'Squire Gamewell's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry *Sherwood*.
For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all ſtrife,
So 'tis, ſir, Clorinda reply'd,
But oh! ſaid bold Robin, how ſweet would it
If Clorinda would be my bride. [be,
She bluſh'd at the motion; yet after a pauſe,
Said, yes ſir, and with all my heart,
Then let us ſend for a prieſt, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
And be married before we do part.
But ſhe ſaid, it may not be ſo, gentle ſir,
For I muſt be at Titbury feaſt,

And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
I'll make him the moſt welcome gueſt.
Said *Robin*, reach me that buck, Little John,
For i'll go along with my dear,
And bid my yeomen kill ſix brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow juſt here.
Before he had ridden five Staffordſhire miles,
Eight yeoman that were too bold,
Bid *Robin Hood* ſtand & deliver his buck,
A truer tale never was told.
I will not, faith, ſaid bold Robin, come John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat them all,
Then both drew their ſwords, & ſo cut & ſlaſh'd 'em,
That five of the eight did fall.
They that remain'd call'd to *Robin* for quarter
And pitifully John beg'd their lives,
John's boon was granted, he gave goodcounſel,
And ſo ſent them home to their wives.
The battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bag-pipes baited the bull;
I'm the king of the fidlers, & I ſwear 'tis truth
And I call him that doubts it a gull.
For I ſaw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
And Clorinda ſung, "Hey derry down,
"The bumkins are beaten; put up thy ſword Bob
"And now let us dance into the town."
Before we came in we heard a great ſhouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly!
Some were a bull back, ſome dancing a morice
And ſome ſinging Arthur a Bradley.
And there we ſaw Thomas, our juſtice's clerk,
And Mary to whom he was kind,
For Tom rode before her, & call'd Mary, madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind;
So may your worſhips. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, & told her
Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine man.
When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the parſon,
Of Dubbridge was ſent for in haſte;
He brought his maſsbook, & bid them take hands
And he join'd them in marriage ſo faſt.

And then as bold *Robin Hood* & his ſweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds ſung with pleaſure in merry Sherwood
And it was a moſt joyful hour.
And when Robin came in ſight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? ſaid he;
Little John anſwer'd, lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under the green wood tree.
Then a garland they brought her by two and by
And plac'd it on the bride's head: (two,
The muſic ſtruck up, and we all fell to dancing,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom were a-bed
And what they did there muſt be counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next day;
And I made haſte home; but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and ſo came away.
Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That married they were with a ring;
And ſo will Nun Night, or be bury'd a maiden;
And now let us pray for the king,
That he may get children, and they may get more
To govern and do us ſome good;
Then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And ſing them in merry Sherwood.

ROBIN HOOD's *Progreſs to* NOTTINGHAM, *in which he ſlew fifteen Forreſters.*

To the Tune of bold Robin Hood, *&c.*

Robin Hood was a tall young (man,
Derry, derry down,
And Robin Hood was a proper young (man,
Of courage ſtout and bold.
Hey down, derry, derry down.
Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was he aware of fifteen foreſters
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.
What news? what news? Said bold (know?
Robin Hood,
What news fain would'ſt thou
Our king has provided a ſhooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.
We hold it in ſcorn, ſaid the fifteen foreſters,
That ever a boy ſo young
Sould bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one ſtring.
I'll hold you twenty marks, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady, (rod,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred
And I'll cauſe a hart to die.

We'll hold you twenty marks then,
ſaid the forreſters,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit not the mark, an hundred
Nor cauſe the hart to die. (rod,
Robin Hood he bent a noble good
And a broad arrow he let fly: (bow
He hit the mark an hundred rod,
And cauſed an hart to die.
Some ſay he broke ribs one or two,
And ſome ſay he broke three;
The arrow in the hart would not
abide,
But glanc'd in two or three, (leap
The hart did ſkip, and the hart did
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
If it were for a thouſand pounds.
The wager is none of thine, ſaid
the forreſters,
Altho' thou be'ſt in haſte,
Take up thy bow and get thee
hence,
Leaſt we thy ſides ſhould baſte.
Robin Hood took up his noble good
bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
And Robin being pleas'd, began for
to ſmile
As he went over the plain. (bow
Then Robin he bent his noble good
And his broad arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of the fifteen forreſters
Upon the ground did lie.

He that did the quarrel firſt begin,
Wen tripping over the plain:
But Robin Hood bent his noble
good bow,
And fetch'd him back again.
You ſaid, I was no archer, ſaid
Robin Hood,
But ſay ſo now again;
With that he ſent another arrow
after him,
Which ſplit his head in twain,
You have found me an archer, ſays
bold Robin Hood, (wing,
Which will make your wives to
And wiſh you had never ſaid the
word, (ſtring.
That I could not have drawn one
The people that did live in fair
Nottingham,
Come running out amain,
Suppoſing to have taken bold Robin
Hood,
With the forreſters that was ſlain.
Some loſt legs and ſome loſt arms,
And ſome did loſe their blood:
But Robin he took up his noble
good bow, (Wood.
And is gone to the merry Green
They carried their forreſters to fair
Nottingham,
As many there did know,
They digg'd them graves in their
church-yard, (row.
And they buried them all in a

ROBIN HOOD *and the Jolly* PINDER *of* WAKEFIELD.

To an excellent Northern Tune.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on the green,
In Wakefield all on the green:
There is neither knight nor 'ſquire, ſaid the (pinder,
Nor baron ſo bold,
Nor baron ſo bold.

Dare make a treſpaſs to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they eſpy'd the jolly pinder,
As he ſet under a thorn.
Now turn again, now turn again, ſaid the pinder
For a wrong way ye have gone;
For you have forſaken the king's highway;
And have made a path over the corn.
O that were a ſhame ſaid jolly Robin,
We being three, and thou but one;
The Pinder leap'd back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good and one.
He lean'd his back faſt to a thorn,
And his foot againſt a ſtone,
And there he fought a long ſummer's day,
And a ſummer's day ſo long.
'Till their ſwords in their broad bucklers,
Were broken faſt in their hands.
Hold thy hand, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the beſt Pinders,
That ever I try'd with a ſword.
And wilt thou now forſake thy Pinder's craft,
And live in the green wood with me?
At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee,
Then i'll take my blue blade in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee.
Ha'ſt either meat or drink, ſaid Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?
I have both bread and beef, ſaid the Pinder,
And good ale of the beſt,
That's meat enough, ſaid Robin Hood,
For ſuch unbidden gueſts.
O wilt thou forſake thy Pinder's craft,
And go to the green wood with me?
Thou ſhalt have a livery twice in a year,
The one green and the other brown.
If Michaelmas once was come and gone,

And my maſter had paid me my fee,
Then would I ſet as little by him,
As my maſter doth by me.

ROBIN HOOD *and the* BISHOP.

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Stranger.

COme gentlemen all, and liſten awhile,
With a hey down, down, and a down
And a ſtory to you I'll unfold?
I'll tell you how Robin Hood ſerved the biſhop,
When he robbed him of his gold.
As it fell out on a ſun-ſhining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good;
In Mirth would ſpend ſome time,
And as he walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to ſpy,
There was he aware of a proud biſhop
And of all his company. then,
O what ſhall I do ſaid Robin Hood
If the biſhop he doth take me?
No mercy he'll ſhow unto me I know:
Therefore away I'll flee,
Then Robin was ſtout and turn'd him about, (ſpy;
And a little houſe there he did
And to an old wife, to ſpare his life,
He aloud began to cry. (man,
Why, who art thou, ſaid the old wo-
Come tell to me for good?
'I am an outlaw, as many do know:
'My name, it is Robin Hood.
'And yonder's the biſhop and all his men:
'And if that I taken be,
'Then day and night he'll work my ſpite,
'And hanged I ſhall be.'
If thou be Robin Hood, ſaid the old
As thou doth ſeem to be, (woman
I'll for thee provide, thy perſon hide
From the biſhop and his company.
For I remember one ſaturday night,
Thou brought'ſt me both ſhoes and hoſe; (hide,
Therefore I'll provide thy perſon to
And keep thee from thy foes.
Then give me ſoon my coat of grey
And take thou my mantle of green:
Thy ſpindle of twine unto me reſign
And take thou my arrows ſo keen.
And when Robin Hood was thus array'd,
He went ſtrait to his company.
With his ſpindle and twine he oft looks behind,
For the biſhop and his company.
O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,
So like an old witch looks ſhe.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood then,
And ſhoot not thy arrows ſo keen:
I am Robin Hood thy maſter good,
As quickly ſhall be ſeen.
The biſhop he came to the old woman's Houſe,
And called with a furious mood,
Come let me ſee, and bring unto me
That traytor Robin Hood.
The old woman ſhe ſet on a milk-white ſteed,
Himſelf on a dapple grey;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way,
But as they were riding the forreſt along,
The biſhop he chanc'd for to ſee
A hundred bowmen, ſtout and bold,
Stand under the green-wood tree

O who is yonder, the bishop then said
That's ranging within yonder wood
Marry, says the old woman, I think
A man called Robin Hood. (it be
Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
Which I have here with me?
Why I am a woman, thou cuckoldly
Lift up my leg, and see (bishop.
Then who is me, the bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day:
He turn'd him about but Robin Hood stout
Call'd to him and bid him stay,
Then Robin took hold on the bishop's horse,
And tied him fast to a tree; (upon
Then Little John smill'd his master
For joy of his company. (back,
Robin Hood took his mantle from his
And spread it upon the ground.
And out of the bishop's portmantua
Soon told five hundred pound. (he
Now let him go, said Robin Hood;
Said Little John that must not be,
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
Before that he goes from me.
Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.
And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand;
And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

ROBIN HOOD *and the* BUTCHER.

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Beggar.

COME all you brave gallants, & listen awhile
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within,
For of bold Robin Hood that archer good,
A song I intend to sing.
Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy,
A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hie.
Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
What food hast thou, tell unto me?
Thy trade to me tell, & where thou dost dwell
For I like well thy company.
The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham,
I am going my flesh to sell.
What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin,
Come tell it unto me;

And the price of thy mare, be ſhe ever ſo dear,
For a butcher I fain would be.
The price of my fleſh, the butcher reply'd,
I ſoon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
Four marks thou muſt give unto me.
Four marks I will give thee, ſaid jolly Robin,
Four marks it ſhall be thy fee;
The money come count and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With a good intent to the ſheriff he went,
And there took up his inn.
When other butchers did open their ſhops,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to ſell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.
When the other butchers no meat could ſell,
Robin he got gold and fee;
For he ſold more meat for one penny,
Then others could do for three.
But when he ſold his meat ſo faſt,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he ſold more meat for one penny,
Than others could do for five.
Which made the butchers of Nottingham,
To ſtudy as they did ſtand,
Saying, ſurely he was ſome prodigal,
That had ſold his father's land.
Tha butchers ſtepp'd up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him to be;
Come brother ſaid one, we be all of one trade,
Come will you go dine with me?
Accurs' be his heart, ſaid jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny;
I will go with you my brethren true,
As faſt as I can hie.
But when they to the ſheriff's houſe came,
To dinner they hied apace;
And Robin Hood he the man muſt be
Before them all to ſay grace.

Pray god bleſs us all, ſaid Robin Hood
And our meat within this place;
A cup of ſack ſo good will nouriſh our blood,
And ſo I end my grace.
Come fill us more wine, ſaid jolly Robin,
Let's be merry while we ſtay,
For wine and good cheer, be it ever ſo dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.
Come brothers, be merry, ſaid Jolly Robin,
Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er,
For the ſhot I will pay, e'er I go away,
If it coſt me five pounds, or more.
This is a mad blade, the butchers then ſaid,
Says the ſheriff, he's ſome prodigal,
That ſome land has ſold for ſilver and gold,
And now doth mean to ſpend all.
Haſt thou anymore horn'd beaſts, ſaid the ſheriff
Good fellow, to ſell to me,
Yes, that I have, good maſter ſheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.
And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you pleaſe it for to ſee,
And i'll make you as good aſſurance of it,
As ever my father did me.
The ſheriff he ſaddled his good palfrey,
And took three hundred pounds in gold,
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beaſts to behold.
Away then the ſheriff and Robin did ride,
To the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
The ſheriff did ſay, god preſerve us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood.
But when a little further they came,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to 'ſpy,
An hundred head of good fat deer,
Come tripping the ſheriff full nigh.
How like you my horned beaſts, good maſter ſheriff,
They be fat and fair to ſee,
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.
Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts three,

Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
And all his company.
What is your will, maſter, ſaid Little John,
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the ſheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee.
He is welcome to me then, ſaid Little John,
I hope he will honeſtly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will ſerve us to drink a whole day.
Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the ſheriff's portmantua he
Soon told five hundred pound.
Then Robin he brought him thro' the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple grey,
O have me commended to your wife at home.
So Robin went laughing away.

ROBIN HOOD *and the* TANNER.

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Stranger.

IN Nottingham liv'd a jolly tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
His name is Arthur a Bland;
There is never a 'ſquire in Nottinghamſhire,
Dare bid bold Arthur to ſtand.
With a long ſtaff upon his ſhoulder,
So well he can clear his Way:
By two and by three he made them to flee,
For he hath no liſt to ſtay.
And as he went forth one ſummer's morning,
Into the forreſt of merry Sheerwood,
To view the red deer, that run here and there,
There met he bold Robin Hood.
As ſoon as bold Robin did him eſpy,
He thought the ſame ſport would make
Therefore out of hand he bid him to ſtand,
And thus unto him he ſpake.

Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That rangeſt ſo boldly here?
In ſooth, to be brief, thou look'ſt like a thief,
That comes to ſteal our king's deer.
For I am a keeper in this forreſt,
The king puts me in truſt
To look to the deer, that runs here and there;
Therefore ſtop thee I muſt.
If thou be'ſt a keeper in this forreſt,
And haſt ſuch a great command,
Yet you muſt have more partakers in ſtore,
Before you make me to ſtand.
No, I have no more partakers in ſtore,
Or, any that I do need;
But I have a ſtaff of another oak craft,
I know it will do the deed.
For thy ſword and thy bow I care not a ſtraw,
And all thy arrows to boot,
If thou get'ſt a knock upon thy bare ſcop,
Thou can'ſt as well ſh—t as ſhoot.
Speak cleanly good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me?
Elſe I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.
Marry, gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur-a-Bland
Art thou ſuch a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking ſo big,
Mend yourſelf where you can.
Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow ſo long:
He took up a ſtaff of another oak craft,
That was both ſtiff and ſtrong.
I yield to thy weapon ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine:
For I have a ſtaff of another oak craft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.
But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly Robin,
Before we begin the fray;
For I will not have mine to be longer then thine
For that will be counted foul play.
I paſs not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My ſtaff is of oak ſo free;

Eight feet and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.
Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock;
But quickly and ſoon the blood it ran down,
Before it was ten of the clock.
Then Arthur ſoon recover'd himſelf,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every ſide of Robin Hood's head
The blood ran trickling down.
Then Robin Hood raged like a wild boar,
As ſoon as he ſaw his own blood:
Then Bland was in haſte, and laid on ſo faſt,
If he had been cleaving of wood,
And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chace,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.
And knock for knock they luſtily dealt,
Which held for two hours, or more;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work ſo ſore.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall;
For here we may thraſh our bones all to maſh,
And get no coin at all.
And in the forreſt of merry Sherwood
Hereafter thou ſhalt be free:
God ha' mercy for nought, my freedom I bought
I may thank my good ſtaff, and not thee.
What tradeſman art thou, ſaid jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me ſhow?
And alſo me tell, in what place you dwell?
For both of theſe fain would I know.
I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and ſwear,
I'll tan thy hide for nought.
God a-mercy, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou art ſo kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forſake thy tanner's trade,
To live in green wood with me.
My name is Robin Hood, I ſwear by the wood,
To give thee both gold and fee.
If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art,
Here is my hand, my name's Arthur a-Bland,
We two will never part.
But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of him I fain would hear,
For we are ally'd by the mother's ſide,
And he is my kinſman dear.
Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew beth loud and ſhrill;
And quick and anon, he ſaw Little John,
Come tripping over the hill.
O what is matter? then ſaid Little John,
Maſter, I pray you tell?
Why do you ſtand with your ſtaff in your hand
I fear all is not well.
O man I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand,
The tanner that ſtands by my ſide,
He is a bonny blade, and maſter of his trade,
For he has ſoundly tann'd my hide.
He is to be commended then ſaid Little John,
If he ſuch a feat can do;
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a bout,
And he ſhall tan my hide too.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
For as I do underſtand,
He's a yeoman good of thy own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.
Then Little John threw his ſtaff away,
As far as he could fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.
With loving reſpect, there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy;
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.
Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
And danced about the oak tree.

For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be.
And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We three will be as one.
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

ROBIN HOOD *and the Jolly* TINKER.

Tune of, *In Summer-Time.*

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, down,
And birds sing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down, a down, a down,
As fast as he could dree.
Hey down, a down, a down.
And as he came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet,
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet:
Where dost thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell?
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.
What is the news, the tinker said,
Tell me without delay?
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbury.
As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers were set in the stocks,
For drinking ale and beer.
If that be all, the tinker said,
As I may say to you,
Your news is not worth a fart,
Since that they all be true.
For drinking of good ale and bear,
You will not lose your part.
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.
What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou dost hear?
Seeing thou go'st from town to town
Some news thou need'st not fear,
All the news I have, the tinker said
I hear it is for good,
It is to seek a bold outlaw,
Which they call Robin Hood.
I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.
The king would give an hundred pounds,
That he could him but see:
And if we can but now him get,
It will serve thee and me.
Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
I will see if it be right,
And I will do the best I can
For to take him this night.
That will I not, the tinker said,
None with it will I trust;
And where he is if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I must.
But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
If you would go to Nottingham,
We shall find him I know.
A crab tree staff the tinker had,
Which was both good and strong,
Robin he had a good strong blade;
So they went both along.
And when they came to Nottingham
There they took up their inn;
And they called for ale and wine,
To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast
That the tinker he forgot,
What thing he was about to do,
It fell so to his lot;
That, while the tinker fell asleep,
Robin made haste away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great shot to pay.
But when the tinker did awake,
And saw that he was gone,
He called out then for the host,
And thus he made his moan:
I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
This is to seek a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood:
But now the warrant and money is gone,
Nothing I have to pay;
And he that promised to be my friend,
Is gone and fled away.
That friend you speak of said the host,
They call him Robin Hood;
And when that he first met with you
He meant you little good.
Had I but known in had been he,
When that I had him here,
The one of us should have try'd our might
Which should have paid full dear.
In the mean time I will away,
No longer here I'll abide,
But I will go and seek him out,
Whatever me betide.
But one thing I would gladly know
What here I have to pay:
Ten shillings just, then said the host.
I'll pay you without delay;
Or else take here my working bag,
And my good hammer too,
And if I light but on the knave,
I will then soon pay you.
The only way, then said the host,
And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.
The tinker he then went with speed
And made then no delay,
Till he had found bold Robin Hood,
That he might have a fray.

At last he 'spy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me so near?
No knave, no knave, the tinker said
And that you soon shall know,
Whether of us as done any wrong,
My crab-stick staff shall show.
Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of trusty steel:
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel.
Then Robin's anger did arise,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the tinker
Then almost fit to fly;
With that they lay'd about again,
And play'd their weapons fast;
The tinker thrash'd his bones so sore
That he made him yield at last.
A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
If thou will grant it me:
Before I do it, the tinker said,
I'll hang thee on this tree.
But the tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow:
Then came unto him Little John,
And Will. Scarlet also
What is the matter, quoth Little John,
You sit on the highway side;
Here is a tinker that stands by,
That hath well paid my hide.
What tinker then, said Little John,
Fain that blade would I see,
And I would try what I can do,
If he'll do as much for me.
But Robin then he wish'd them both
They would the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace.
And for the jovial tinker's part,
A hundred pounds I give
In a year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.
In manhood he is a metled man,
And a metal man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made me so afraid.

And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatſoever we do get,
He ſhall have his full ſhare.

So the tinker he was content,
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take,
And ſo I end my ſong.

ROBIN HOOD *and* ALLEN-A-DALE.

Tune of Robin Hood *in the* Green Wood.

COME liſten to me, ye gallants ſo free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamſhire.
That lived in Nottinghamſhire.
As Robin Hood in the forreſt ſtood,
All under the green wood tree,
There was he aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine could be.
The youngſter was cloathed in ſcarlet red,
In ſcarlet fine and gay;
And he did friſk it over the plain,
And chaunted a round de lay.
As Robin Hood next morning ſtood
Amongſt the leaves ſo gay,
There did 'ſpy the ſame young man
Come drooping along the way.
The ſcarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean caſt away;
And at every ſtep he fetch'd a ſigh,
Alack and a well a-day!
Then ſtep'd forth brave Little John,
And Midge the miller's ſon,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he ſee them come.
Stand off, ſtand off, the young man ſaid,
What is your will with me?
You muſt come before our maſter ſtrait,
Under yon green wood tree.
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin aſk'd him courteouſly,

O haſt thou any money to ſpare,
For my merry men and me?
I have no money, the young man ſaid,
But five ſhillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this ſeven long years,
To have it at my wedding.
Yeſterday I ſhould have married a maid,
But ſhe ſoon from me was ta'en,
And choſen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is ſlain.
What is thy name, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell me without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man
My name it is Allen-a-Dale.
What wilt thou give me, ſaid Robin Hood,
In ready gold, or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her up to thee?
I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold or fee,
But I will ſwear upon a book,
Thy true ſervant to be.
How many miles is it to thy true love,
Come tell me without any guile;
By the faith of my body then ſaid the young man
It is but five little miles.
Then Robin he haſted over the plain,
He did neither ſtint or lint,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen ſhould keep his wedding.
What haſt thou here, the biſhop then ſaid,
I prithee now tell unto me?
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the beſt in the north country,
O welcome, O welcome, the biſhop then ſaid,
That muſic beſt pleaſeth me.
You ſhall have no muſic, quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I ſee
With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin laſs
Did ſhine like the glitering gold.

This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.
Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts two or three:
Then four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee,
And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all a row.
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.
This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allen, as I hear say,
And you shall be marry'd at the same time,
Before we depart away.
That shall not be, the bishop he said,
For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
As the law is of our land.
Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
By the faith of my body, then Robin he said,
This cloth doth make thee a man.
When Little John went to the choir,
The people began to laugh;
He ask'd them seven times in the church,
Least three times should not be enough.
Who gives this maid, said Little John?
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I,
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly shall her buy.
And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride she look'd like a queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green-wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD *and the* SHEPHERD.

Tune of Robin Hood *and Queen* Catherine.

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a ſtory of bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.
Down, a down, a down,
As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There he was aware of a jolly ſhepherd,
That on the ground did lie.
Ariſe, ariſe, ſaid jolly Robin,
And now come let me ſee
What's in thy bag and thy bottle, I ſay,
Come tell it unto me,
What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
Tell me as I do ſtand?
What haſt thou to do with my bottle and bag?
Let me ſee thy command.
My ſword that hangeth by my ſide,
Is at my command, I know;
Come let me taſte of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee woe.
The devil a drop, thou proud fellow
Of my bottle thou ſhalt ſee,
Until thy valour here be try'd,
Whether thou'lt fight or flee.
What ſhall we fight for? ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell it unto me;
Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.
The ſhepherd ſtood all in amaze,
And knew not what to ſay;
I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I will lay,

I am content, thou ſhhepherd ſwain,
Fling them down on the ground ;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pounds.
Come draw thy ſword, thou proud fellow,
That ſtandeſt too long to prate ;
This hook of mine ſhall let thee know,
A coward I do hate.
So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
It was on a ſummer's day,
From ten to four in the afternoon
The ſhepherd held him in play,
Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
And ſaved him many a bang,
For every blow the ſhepherd ſtruck
Made Robin's ſword cry twang,
Many a ſturdy blow the ſhepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.
Ariſe, ariſe, thou proud fellow,
And thou ſhalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.
A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my bugle horn,
And blow out blaſts three,
Then ſaid, the ſhepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree ;
For if thou ſhould'ſt blow till to-morrow morn,
I ſcorn one foot to flee.
Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he 'ſpied Little John
Come tripping over the plain,
Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill ?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.
What is the matter, ſaid Little John,
Maſter, come tell unto me ;

My caſe is bad, ſaid Robin Hood,
For the ſhepherd hath conquer'd me.
I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee, I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.
With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it ſhall never be ſaid,
That a ſhepherd's hook, at thy ſturdy look
Will one jot be diſmay'd.
So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
Striving for victory.
I will know, ſays John, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.
The ſhepherd gave John a ſturdy blow,
With the hook under his chin;
Beſhrew thy heart, ſaid Little John
Thou baſely doſt begin.
Nay, that is nothing, ſaid the ſhepherd,
Either yield to me the day,
Or I will bang thee back and ſides,
Before thou goeſt thy way.
What doſt thou think, thou proud fellow
That thou can'ſt conquer me?
Nay, thou ſhalt know, before I go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.
Again the ſhepherd laid on him,
The ſhepherd he begun;
Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
I will yield the wager won.
With all my heart, ſaid Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of ſhepherd ſwains,
The like I ne'er did ſee.
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Alſo of Little John;
How a ſhepherd ſwain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

The Famous Battle between ROBIN HOOD *and the Curtal* FRYAR, *near* FOUNTAIN-DALE.

To a Northern *Tune.*

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green
And flowers are freſh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry Men
Were all diſpos'd to play.
Then ſome would leap, and ſome would run,
And ſome would uſe artillery;
Which of you can a good bow draw
A good archer to be;
Which of you can kill a buck?
Or, who can kill a doe:
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundred feet him fro';
Will. Scarlet, he did kill a buck,
And Midge he did kill a doe;
And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro';
God's bleſſing on thy heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſhot ſuch a ſhot for me;
I would ride my horſe an hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.
That cauſed Will Scadlock to laugh
He laughed full heartily: (bey
There lives a fryar in Fountain Ab-
Will beat both him and thee.
The curtal fryar in Fountain Abbey
Well can a ſtrong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.
Robin Hood took a ſolemn oath,
It was by Mary free, (drink,
That he would neither eat nor
'Till the fryar he did ſee.
Robin Hood put on his harneſs good
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weel.
He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a truſty tree,
With a ſheaf of arrows by his ſide,
And to Fountain Dale went he,
And coming to fair Fountain-Dale
No farther would he ride;
There he was aware of a curtal fryar
Walking by the water ſide,
The fryar had on a harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide
And they became him weel.
Robin Hood lighted from off his
And tied him to a thorn; (horſe
Carry me over the water thou curtal
Or elſe thy life's forlorn. (fryar
The fryar took Robin Hood on his
Deep water he did betide, (back
And neither ſpoke good word nor bad
'Till he came on the other ſide.
Lightly ſtept Robin off the fryar's back:
The fryar ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water thou fine fellow,
Or it will breed thy pain. (back
Robin Hood took the fryar on his
Deep water he did betide (bad
And ſpoke neither good word nor
'Till he came on the other ſide.
Lightly leapt the fryar off Robin Hood's back,
Bold Robin ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water thou curtal
Or it ſhall breed thee pain. (fryar
The fryar took Robin on his back
And ſtept up to his knee. (again
And 'till he came to the middle ſtream,
Neither good nor bad ſpoke he,

And coming to the middle ſtream,
Then he threw Robin in?
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim.
Robin Hood ſwam to buſh of broom
The fryar to the willow wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to the ſhore
And took his bow in his hand.
One of the beſt arrows under his belt
To the fryar he let fly;
The curtal fryar with his ſteel buckler
Did put his arrow by.
Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou haſt begun,
If thou ſhoot here a ſummer's day,
Thy mark I will not ſhun.
Robin Hood ſhot on ſo paſſing well,
'Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their ſwords and ſteel buckler,
And fought with might and main
From ten o'clock that very day,
'Till four in the afternoon,
Then Robin Hood came on his knees
Of the fryar to beg a boon,
A boon, a boon, thou curtal fryar,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to ſet my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blaſts three.
That I will do, ſaid the curtal fryar
Of thy blaſts I have no doubt;
I hope thou'lt blow ſo paſſing well,
'Till both thy eyes drop out.
Hobin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blaſts three:
Half an hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the lee.
Whoſe men are theſe, ſaid the fryar
That come ſo haſtily;
Theſe are mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, what's that to thee?
A boon, a boon, ſaid the curtal fryar
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to ſet my fiſt to my mouth
And to whute, whutes three.
That will I do, ſaid Robin Hood,
Or elſe I were to blame;
Three whutes in a fryar's fiſt
Would make me glad a fain.
The fryar he ſet his fiſt to his mouth
And whuted him whutes three;
Half a hundred good bay dogs
Came running over the lee.
Here is for every man a dog,
And I myſelf for thee:
Nay, by my faith, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, that may not be.
Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln-green,
From off his back they tore.
And whether his men ſhot eaſt or weſt
Or they ſhot north or ſouth,
The curtal dogs, ſo taught they were
They caught the arrows in their mouths.
Take up thy dogs, ſaid Little John,
Fryar, at my bidding thee;
Whoſe man art thou, ſaid the curtal fryar,
Comes here to prate to me?
I am Little John, Robin Hood's man
Fryar, I will not lye:
If thou take not thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee.
Little John had a bow in his hand,
He ſhot with might and main:
Soon half a ſcore of the fryar's dogs,
Laid dead upon the plain.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand ſaid the curtal fryar
Thy maſter and I will agree,
And we will have new orders taken
With all the haſte that may be,
If thou wilt forſake fair Fountain-Dale
And Fountain-Abbey free.
Every ſunday throughout the year
A noble ſhall be thy fee.
Every ſunday throughout the year
Changed ſhall thy garment be,
And if thou wilt go to fair Notting-ham,
And there remain with me.
The curtal fryar had kept Fountain-Dale,
Seven long years, and more:
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl
Could make him yield before.

ROBIN HOOD *and his Couſin* SCARLET.

To a New Tune.

COME liſten awhile, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are his bower within?
For a ſtory of gallant Robin Hood,
I propoſe now to begin.
What time of day? quoth Robin Hood,
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime:
Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no victuals to dine.
As Robin Hood rode the foreſt along,
It was in the midſt of the day;
There he was aware of a deft young man,
As ever walk'd on the way.
His doublet was of ſilk, he ſaid,
His ſtockings like ſcarlet ſhone;
And bravely he walked along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.
A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
Now the beſt of you I'll have to my dinner,
And that in a little ſpace.
Now the ſtranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow,
And the beſt of all the herd he ſlew,
Full forty yards him fro'.
Well ſhot, well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That ſhot it was in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou ſhalt be a bold yeoman of mine.
Go play the chivan, the ſtranger then ſaid,
Make haſte and quickly go.
Or with my fiſt, beſure of this,
I'll give thee buffets ſto'. (Hood,
Thou had'ſt not beſt buffet me, quoth Robin
For tho' I am forlorn,

Yet I have thoſe will take my part,
If I do but blow my horn.
Thou hadſt not beſt wind thy horn, the ſtranger ſaid,
Be'ſt thou never ſo much in haſte,
For I can draw a good broad ſword,
And quickly cut thy blaſt.
Then Robin Hood bent a noble good bow,
To ſhoot, and that he would fain,
The ſtranger he bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot at bold Robin again.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To ſhoot, it would be in vain;
For if we ſhoot the one at the other,
The one of us muſt be ſlain.
But let's take our ſwords & our broad bucklers
And gang under yonder tree;
A, I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger he ſaid,
One foot I will not flee;
Then Robin Hood lent the ſtranger a blow,
Moſt ſcared him out of his wits,
Thou never felt blow, the ſtranger he ſaid,
That ſhall be better quits.
The ſtranger then with a good broad ſword,
Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin's head,
The blood it ran trickling down.
God-a-mercy good fellow, quoth jolly Robin,
And for this thou haſt done,
Tell me good fellow, who thou art?
Tell me where thou doſt won.
The ſtranger then anſwer'd bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxfield-Town I was born and bred,
My name is young Gamewell.
For killing of my father's ſteward,
Am forc'd to this Engliſh wood,
And for to ſeek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.
But art thou a couſin of Robin Hood then,
The ſooner we ſhall have done;
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger then ſaid,
I am his own ſiſter's ſon.

But laud what kiſſing and courting was there,
When theſe two couſins did meet!
And they went all that ſummer's day,
And Little John did not meet.
And when they met with Little John,
He then unto him did ſay;
O maſter, pray where have you been,
You have tarry'd ſo long away;
I met with a ſtranger, quoth Robin Hood,
Full ſore he hath beaten me;
Then i'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
And try if he can beat me;
O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John it may not be ſo;
For he is my own dear ſiſters ſon,
And couſins I have no more.
But he ſhall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scarlet he ſhall be.
And we'll be three of the braveſt outlaws,
That lives in the north country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In the ſecond part it will be.
Then bold Robin Hood to the north he went,
With valour and mickle might,
A ſword by his ſide which oft had been try'd,
To fight and recover his right.
The firſt that he met was a bonny bold ſcot,
His ſervant he ſaid he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove falſe unto me.
Thou haſt not been true to Sire or Cuz,
Nay, marry, the ſcot he ſaid,
As true as your heart, i'll never part,
Good maſter, be not afraid.
Then Robin Hood turned his face to the eaſt,
Fight on, my merry men ſtout,
Our caſe is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
And we ſhall not be beaten out.
The battle grew hot on every ſide,
The Scotchmen made great moan;

Quoth Jockey, geud faith, they fight on each side,
Would I were with my wife Joan.
The enemy compaſs'd bold Robin about,
'Tis long e'er the battle ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field
For both are ſupply'd with friends.
This ſong it was made in Robin Hood's days,
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that miſchief may ceaſe,
And war may give place unto love.

ROBIN HOOD *and Queen* CATHERINE.

To a New Tune.

GOLD ta'en from the king's harbinger's,
Down, a down, a down,
As ſeldom hath been ſeen,
Down, a down, a down,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
For a preſent to the queen,
Down, a down, a down.
If that I live one year to an end,
Thus did queen Catherine ſay,
Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.
The queen is to her chamber gone,
As faſt as he could wen;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Partington.
Come thou hither to me thou lovely page,
Come thou hither ro me;
For thou muſt poſt to Nottingham,
As faſt as thou can'ſt dree;
And as thou go'ſt to Nottingham,
Search every Engliſh wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood,
Sometimes he walk'd, ſometimes he ran,
As faſt as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham
There he took up his inn.
He calls for a bottle of rheniſh wine
And drinks a health to the queen
Wiſhing he might now ſpeedily
Find out jolly Robin.
There ſet a yeoman by his ſide,
Who ſaid, ſweet page, tell me
What is thy buſineſs, and thy cauſe
So far in the north country?
This is my buſineſs and my cauſe,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another
To tell me of Robin Hood.
I'll get my horſe betimes in the morn
Be it by the break of day,
And I will ſhew thee bold Robin
And all his yeomen gay.
When that he came to Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee
Queen Catherine ſhe does greet you well,
She greets you well by me.
She bids you poſt to fair London court
Not fearing any thing;
For there ſhall be a little ſport.
And ſhe has ſent you her ring.
Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln-green,
And ſent it by this lovely page,
For a preſent to the queen.
In ſummer-time when leaves grow green
'Twas a ſeemly ſight to ſee,
How Robin Hood had dreſt himſelf
And all his yeomandree.

He cloathed his men in Lincoln green
And himself in scarlet red;
Black hats, white feathers all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.
And when he came to London court,
He fell down on his knee.
Thou art welcome, Lockley, said the queen,
And all thy yeomandree.
Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
Bow-bearer after me;
Come measure me out with the line,
How long our mark must be
What is the wager? said the queen?
For that I must know here;
Three hundred ton of rhenish wine,
Three hundred ton of beer
Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallen lee;
That's a princely wager, said the queen
That I must needs tell thee. (queen
With that bespoke one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soon.
Measure no mark for us, most sovereign liege,
We will shoot at sun and moon.
Full fifteen score your marks shall be
Full fifteen score shall stand:
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow-wand.
With that the king's archers led about,
'Till it was three to one;
With that the ladies began for to shout
Madam your game is gone.
A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries
I crave it on my knee, (council
Is there ever a knight of your privy
On queen Catherine's side will be?
Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou sprung from Gower's blood.
Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,
For a noble priest was he;
By my silver mitre, said the bishop then,
I'll not bet one penny.
The king has archers of his own
Full ready and full right;
And these be strangers every one
To man knows what they height.
What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,
Thou seest our game's the worse;
By my silver mitre, then said the bishop,
All the money within my purse.
What is within thy purse? said Robin Hood.
Now throw it on the ground;
Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,
It's near an hundred pound.
Robin Hood took his bag from his side
And threw it on the green;
Will Scadlock then went smiling away,
I know who this money must win.
With that the kings archers led about,
While it was three to three;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
Woodcock, beware thy knee.
It is three to three, now said the king
The next three pays for all;
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
The king's part shall be but small.
Then Robin Hood did leap about,
He shot it under hand;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
He clove the willow-wand.
And little Midge, the miller's son,
He shot not much the worse;
He shot within a finger of the prick
Now bishop, beware thy purse.
A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries
I crave it on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
That is of my party.
They shall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to sport & play
Then welcome friend or foe.
Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queen,
And so is Little John,
And so is Midge the miller's son:
Thrice welcome every one.
Is this Robin Hood, the king then said,
For it was told to me,
That he is slain in the palace gate,
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood, quoth the bishog
As it seems well to be; (then,
Had I known it had been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.
He took me late one sunday night,
And bound me fast to a tree.
And made me sing a mass, God wot
To him and his yeomandree.

What, and if I did, says Robin Hood,
Of that mass I was full fain;
For recompence of that, he says,
Here's half thy Gold again.
Now nay, now nay, says Little John
Master, that must not be.
We must give gifts to the king's officers;
That gold will serve thee and me.

ROBIN HOOD's CHACE.

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Beggar.

COME you gallants all, to you I call,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are now in this place:
For a song I will sing of Henry our king,
How he did bold Robin Hood chace.
Queen Catherine she then a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred ton of wine,
And three hundred ton of beer:
But she had her archers to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good;
But her mind it was bent with a full intent;
To send for bold Robin Hood.
But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Catherine she did say;
Thou art welcome, Locksley, unto me,
And thou on my part must be.
If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
And all my yeomen gay,
For a mate in shooting I have made,
Then hanged will I be.
But when the game came to be play'd,
Bold Robin won it with grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vow'd he would him chace.
Who tho' his pardon granted was,
While he with him did stay,

But yet the king was vexed at him,
When he was gone away.
Soon after the king from court did hie,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquir'd both far and near,
After bold Robin Hood.
But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood;
O come, ſaid he, and let me ſee,
Who can find bold Robin Hood.
But when bold Robin he did hear,
The king had him in chace,
Then ſaid Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
And that to another place.
And away they went to merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkſhire he did hie,
And the king did follew with a hoop & a hollo
But could not him come nigh.
Yet jolly Robin he paſſed along,
And went ſtrait to Newcaſtle town,
And there they ſtay'd hours two or three,
And then he to Berwick was gone.
When the king did ſee how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wonderous ſore,
With a hoop and a hallo he vowed to follow,
And take him or never give o'er.
Come now let's away, ſaid Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carliſle we'll hie, with our company,
And ſo then to Lancaſter.
From Lancaſter then to Cheſter he went,
And ſo did good King Henry,
But Robin went away, for he durſt not ſtay,
For fear of ſome treachery.
Says Robin come let us to London go,
To ſee our noble Queen's face;
It may be ſhe wants our company,
Which makes the king us chace.
When Robin he came Queen Catherine before.
He fell upon his knee;
If it pleaſe your grace, I am come to thisplace
To ſpeak with King Henry.

Queen Catherine anſwer'd bold Robin again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood,
And when he went away to me he did ſay,
He would go and ſeek Robin Hood.
Then fare you well my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood i'll hie apace;
For fain would I ſee, what he'd have with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.
But when King Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vex'd in mind,
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame fortune unkind.
Your welcome home Queen Catherine cry'd,
Henry, my ſovereign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, the archer good,
Your perſon hath been to ſeek,
A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your grace,
To pardon his life and ſeek not ſtrife;
Aud ſo ends Robin Hoods Chaſe.

ROBIN HOOD's GOLDEN PRIZE.

Tune of Robin Hood, *was a tall young man, &c.*

I Have heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down,
And of brave Little John,
Of Fryar Tuck, and Will. Scarlet,
Lockſley, and Maid Marrian.
But ſuch a tale as this before,
I think was never known;
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
And from the wood is gone.
Like to a fryar bold Robin Hood
Was accounted in his array:
With hood, gown, Beads, and Crucifix,
He paſſed upon the way.
He had not gone paſt miles two or three,
But it was his chance to eſpy

Two luſty prieſts clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.
Benedicite, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take;
Croſs you my hand with a ſingle groat,
For our dear lady's ſake.
For I have been wan'dring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not ſo much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.
Now by our holy dame, the prieſts reply'd,
We never a penny have,
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money ſave,
I am much afraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
That you do both tell a lye;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolv'd to try.
When as the prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
Then they rode away amain?
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
And ſoon overtook them again.
Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horſe.
O ſpare us, fryar, the prieſt cry'd out,
On us have ſome remorſe.
You ſaid, you had no money, quoth Robin Hood
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down upon our Knees,
And for money we will pray.
The prieſts they could not him gainſay,
But down they kneel with ſpeed:
Send us, O ſend us, then quoth they,
Some money to ſerve our need,
The prieſts did pray with mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring:
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
Whilſt Robin did merrily ſing.
When they had been praying for an hour's ſpace
The prieſts did ſtill lament;
Then quoth Robin, now let us ſee
What money heaven hath us ſent.

We will be ſharers all alike
Of money that we have:
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow ſhall deceive.
The prieſts their hands in their pockets put
But money could find none:
We will ſearch ourſelves, ſaid Robin Hood
Each other, one by one,
Then Robin Hood took pains to ſearch them,
And found good ſtore of gold,
Five hundred pieces preſently,
Upon the graſs he told.
Here is a brave ſhew, ſaid Robin Hood,
Such ſtore of gold to ſee,
And you each one ſhall have a part,
Becauſe you pray'd ſo heartily,
He gave them fifty pounds a piece,
And the reſt himſelf did keep:
The prieſts they durſt not ſpeak one word,
But ſighing wond'rous deep.
With that the prieſts roſe up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted ſo:
Nay, nay, ſays Robin Hood, one thing more
I'll have to ſay e'er you go.
You ſhall be ſworn, ſays bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy graſs.
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way ſoever you do paſs.
The ſecond oath that you here muſt make,
That all the days of your lives
You never ſhall tempt maids unto ſin,
Nor lie with other mens wives.
The laſt oath you ſhall take, is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say you met with a holy friar,
And I deſire no more.
He ſet them on their horſes again,
And away then they did ride;
And he returned to the merry green wood,
With great mirth, joy, and pride.

ROBIN HOOD *Rescuing* WILL. STUTELY.

Tune of Robin Hood *and Queen* Catherine.

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood ſtood,
Derry, derry down,
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with ſpeed,
Tidings for certainty.
Hey down, derry, derry down.
That Will. Stutely ſurprized was,
And eke in priſon lay;
Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
Did baſely him betray,
Ay, and to-morrow hanged muſt be
To-morrow as ſoon as 'tis day;
Before they could the victory get,
Two of them did Stutely ſlay.
When Robin Hood did hear this news
Lord! it did grieve him ſore;
And to his merry men he did ſay,
Who altogether ſwore,
That Will Stutely ſhould reſcu'd be,
And be brought back again:
Or elſe ſhould many a gallant wight
For his ſake there be ſlain.
He cloathed himſelf in ſcarlet then
His men were all in green;
A finer ſhow throughout the world
In no place could be ſeen.
Good lord! it was a gallant ſight
To ſee them all on a row;
With every man a good broad ſword
And eke a good yew bow.
Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all courageiouſly,
Reſolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.
And when they came the caſtle near
Wherein Will. Stutely lay;
I hold it good, ſaid Robin Hood,
We here in ambuſh ſtay,
And ſend one forth ſome news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That ſtands under the caſtle-wall:
Some news he may declare.
With that ſteps forth a brave young man
Which was of courage bold;
Thus he did ſpeak to the old man,
I pray thee, palmer old,
Tell me, if thou can rightly ken,
When muſt Will. Stutely die;
Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men
And here doth priſoner lie.
Alas! alas! the palmer ſaid,
And for ever woe is me!
Will Stutely hang'd will be this day
On yonder gallows tree.
O had his noble maſter known,
He would ſoon ſuccour ſend:
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full ſoon would fetch him hence
Ay, that is true, the young man ſaid
Ay, that is true, ſaid he;
Or if they were near to this place,
They ſoon would ſet him free.
But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewel, and thanks to thee;
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Revong'd his death will be.
No ſooner was he from the palmer gone,
But the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the caſtle Will. Stutely came,
Guarded on every ſide.
When he was forth from the caſtle come
And ſaw help was nigh;
Thus he did ſay unto the ſheriff,
Thus he ſaid gallantly
Now ſeeing that I needs muſt die,
Grant me one boon, ſays he;
For my noble maſter ne'er had man
That yet was hang'd on a tree.
Give me a ſword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight
'Till I lie dead on the ground.
But this deſire he would not grant,
His wiſhes was in vain;

For the sheriff swore he hang'd should
And not by the sword be slain. (be
Do but unbend my hands, he said,
I will no weapon crave;
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.
O no, no, no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die,
Ay, and so shall thy master too,
If ever it in me lie.
O dastard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted peasant slave!
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.
My noble master doth thee scorn,
And all thy cowardly crew;
Such filthy imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.
But when he was to the gallows
And ready to bid adieu, (gone,
Out of a bush steps Little John,
And comes Will. Stutely to;
I pray thee Will. before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave;
I needs must borrow him awhile,
How say you, master sheriff?
Now, as I live, the sheriff said,
That varlet will I know:
Some sturdy rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.
Then Little John most hastily
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from one of the sheriff's men
A sword twich'd from his hands.
Here Will. take thou this same,
Thou can'st it better sway;
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straitway.
And there they turn'd them back
for back,
In the midst of them, that day,
'Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.
With that an arrow from them flew
It wist from Robin Hood;
Make haste, make haste, the sheriff
he said,
Make haste, for it is not good.
The sheriff is gone, and his doughty
Thought it no boot to stay, (men
But, as their master had them taught
Then run full fast away.
O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,
Take leave 'ere you depart:
Kou ne'r will catch bold Robin Hood
Unless you dare him meet.
O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone;
My sword may in the scabbard rest
For here our work is done.
I little thought, Will Stutely said
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face.
Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe;
O thanks, O thanks to my master,
Since here it was not so.
And once again, my fellows all,
We shall in the green wood mer r,
Were we will make our bow-strin gs
Music for us most sweet. (tw ang

The FISHER-MAN: *or*, ROBIN HOOD's *Preferment.*

Tune of, *In Summer-Time.*

IN summer time when leaves grow
green,
When they do grow both green
and long,
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood
It is of him I sing this song.
When the lilly leaf, and cow slip sweet
Both bud and spring with merry
cheer.
This outlaw was weary of the wood
side,
And a chasing of the king's deer.

The fishermen brave, more money have,
Then any merchant, two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go
That I a fisherman may be.
This outlaw call'd his merry men all
As they set under the green wood tree;
If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.
Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very fine day:
He took up his inn, at a widow woman's house,
Hard by the waters gray,
Who asked him, Where wert thou born?
O tell me where thou dost fare?
I am a poor fisherman, said he then
This day intrapped all in care.
What is thy name, thou fine fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell to me?
In mine own country, where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the lee.
Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy name.
The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame,
Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages I'll give thee;
I have a good ship of my own,
As any that sails upon the sea.
Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,
Masts and planks that are so long
And if that thou wilt furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong,
They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
More of a day than two or three;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he
It will be long, said the master then
E'er this great lubber do thrive on the sea,
He shall have no share in our fish,
For in truth he is in no part worthy.
O woe is me, said Simon then,
This day that I ever came here!
I wish I were in Plumpton-park,
Chasing of the fallow deer.
For every clown laugheth me to scorn,
And by me sets noughing at all;
If I had been in Plumpton-park,
I would set as little by them all,
They pluck'd up anchor and away did sail,
More of a day then two or three;
But Simon spy'd a ship of war,
That sail'd toward them vigorously
O woe is me, said the master then,
This day that ever I was born;
For all the fish that we have got,
Is every bit lost and forlorn!
For these French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France
And lay us in a prison strong.
But Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you care;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boasts;
If I should cast you over board,
There is but a simple lubber lost
Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he:
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship hatch goeth he.
Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare
He drew his arrow to the head,
And drew it with might and main

And ſtrait in the twinckling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gaine.
The Frenchmen fall down on the hatch,
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him eſpy'd
The dead corpſe into the ſea did throw.
O maſter, looſe me from the maſt he ſaid,
And for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.
Then ſtrait he boarded the French ſhip;
They lying all dead in their ſight;
They found within their ſhip of war
Twelve thouſand pounds of money bright
The one half of the ſhip, ſaid Simon then,
I'll give to my dame and children ſmall;
The other half of the ſhip I'll give,
To you that are my fellows all.
But now beſpoke the maſter then,
For ſo, Simon, it ſhall not be;
For if you have won it with your hands,
And the owner of it you muſt be;
It ſhall be ſo as I have ſaid,
And with this gold for the oppreſt
An habitation will I build,
Where they ſhall live in peace and reſt.

ROBIN HOOD's DELIGHT.

To the Tune of Robin Hood *and Queen* Catherine.

THERE's ſome will talk of lords and knights,
Down, a down, a down,
And ſome of yeomen good:
But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,
Little John and Robin Hood.
They were outlaws as it was well known,
And men of noble blood,
And many a time their valour was ſhown
In the foreſt of merry Sherwood.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go
The paſtime for to ſee.
And as they walked the foreſt along
Upon a midſummer's day,
There was he aware of three foreſters,
Clad all in green array.
With brave long falchions by their ſides,
And foreſt bills in their hands,
They called aloud to theſe outlaws,
And charged them to ſtand.
Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin
That ſpeak ſo boldly here?
We three belong to king Henry,
And keepers of his deer,
The devil you are, ſays Robin Hood,
I am ſure it is not ſo;
We be the keepers of this foreſt,
And that you ſoon ſhall know.
Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And ſo we will all three,
And take your ſwords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.
We be content the keepers ſaid,
We be three and no leſs,
Then, why ſhould we of you be afraid
As we never did tranſgreſs?
Why if you be the keepers in this foreſt,
We be three rangers good,

And will make you know before you do go,
You met with bold Robin Hood.
We be content thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try, (do go,
And will make you know before you
We will fight before we fly.
Then, come draw your ſwords you bold outlaws,
No longer ſtand to prate,
But let us try it ſtrait with blows,
For cowards we do hate.
Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
And another for Little John,
And I myſelf for Robin Hood,
Becauſe he is ſtout and ſtrong.
So they fell to it full hard and ſore
It was on a midſummer day;
From eight of the clock, 'till two and paſt,
They all ſhew'd gallant play.
There Robin, Will. and Little John,
They fought moſt manfully,
'Till all their winds was ſpent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry:
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I ſee you be ſtout men; (horn,
Let me blow one blaſt on my bugle
Then I'll fight with you again.
That bargain is to make, Robin Hood
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blaſt upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.
Therefore fall on or elſe be gone,
And yield to us the day:
It never ſhall be ſaid that we are afraid
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.
If that be ſo, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the foreſt of merry Sher-wood
I ſhall extol your fames.
And with our names one of them ſaid,
What haſt thou here to do?
Except thou will now fight it out,
Our names they ſhall not know
We'll fight no more ſays bold Robin Hood,
You be men of valour ſtout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham
And there we will fight it out
With a but of ſack we will bang it about,
To ſee who wins the day;
And for the coſt make you no doubt
I have gold enough to pay,
And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love thoſe men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.
So away they went to Nottingham
With ſack to make amends;
In three days they the wine did chace,
And drank themſelves good friends.

ROBIN HOOD *and the* BEGGAR.

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Stranger.

COME light and liſten, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down and a down,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a ſtory true i'll tell to you,
If that you will but draw near.
In elder times when merriment were,
And archery was holden good,

There was an outlaw as many do know,
Which men call Robin Hood.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin was merry diſpos'd,
His time for to ſpend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes.
Then he got up upon a gallant ſteed,
The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green moſt grave to be ſeen,
He left all his merry men.
And riding towards Nottingham,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar,
As e'er he beheld with his eye.
An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did uſe for to wear,
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to him repair,
God ſpeed, god ſpeed, ſaid Robin Hood then,
What countryman? tell unto me,
I am Yorkſhire ſir, but e'er I go far,
Some charity give unto me.
I have no money, ſaid Robin Hood then,
But a Ranger within the wood,
I am an outlaw as many do know,
My name is Robin Hood.
But yet I muſt tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I muſt try,
Thy coat of grey lay down I ſay,
And my mantle of green ſhall lie by.
Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worſe;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purſe.
The beggar he had a mickle long ſtaff,
And Robin he had a nut-brown ſword,
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.
Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaſeth me:
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hardy and ſore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled till from Robin Hood's head,
The blood it run trickling down.
O hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And thou and I will agree;
If that be true, the beggar he ſaid,
Thy mantle come give unto me.
Now a change, a change, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me;
And this mantle of mine i'll to thee reſign,
My horſe and my bravery.
When Robin had got the beggar's cloaths,
He looked round about,
Methinks, ſaid he, I ſeem to be,
A beggar brave and ſtout.
For now I have a bag for my bread,
So have I one for my corn,
I have one for ſalt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.
And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the ſecond part it's behind,
Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His ſtaff and his coat ſcarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily paſſed he.
As Robin he paſſed the ſtreets along,
He heard a pitiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear.
Condenmed where to die.
Then Robin he hied to the ſheriff's houſe,
Some relief for to ſeek;
He ſkipt and leapt and caper'd full high,
As he went along the ſtreet.
But when to the ſheriff's houſe he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, ſaid he, come tell unto me
That it is thou would'ſt have?
No meat, no drink, ſaid Robin Hood then.
That I come here to crave:

But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have
That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact it is ſo clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd muſt be,
For ſtealing our king's deer.
But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, ſaid Robin Hood then,
For certain they ſhall not die.
Then Robin he ſet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blaſts three,
'Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.
What is your will, maſter? ſaid they,
We are at thy command:
Shoot eaſt, ſhoot weſt, ſaid Robin, then,
And ſee you ſpare no man
Then they ſhot eaſt, and they ſhot weſt,
The arrows were ſo keen.
The ſheriff he, and his company,
No longer could be ſeen.
Then he ſtept to thoſe brethren three,
And away he has them ta'en;
The ſheriff he was croſt, and many a man loſt,
That lay dead on the plain.
And away they went to the merry green wood,
And ſung with a merry glee,
And Robin Hood took theſe three brethren good
To be of his yeomandree.

ROBIN HOOD, WILL. SCARLET, *and* LITTLE JOHN.

Tune of Robin Hood; *Or, Hey down, down, a down.*

NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet and Little John
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will. Scarlet
With his ſtrong bow had ſlain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full fast,
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not broke my fast.
Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wond'rous good,
Where my nephew, and bold yeomen,
Shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.
With that he took the bugle horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Strait from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and more.
Stand, stand to your arms, cries Will. Scarlet,
Lo the enemies are within ken:
With that Robin Hood he laught aloud,
Crying, they are my bold yeomen.
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
Crying, master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did sound so shrill.
Now nay, now nay. quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is past and gone;
I would have you welcome, my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.
In feasting and sporting they spent the day,
'Till phæbus sunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.
Long had they not walk'd within the green wood,
But Robin he was espy'd
Of a beautiful damsel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.
Her riding-suit was of sable hue black,
Cyprus over her face,
Through which her rose like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace.
Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin tell me right,
From whence thou com'st, and whether thou go'st,
All in this mournful plight?
From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
From London upon the thames,

Which circuled is, O grief to tell!
Befieg'd with foreign arms,
By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who ſwears by his martial hand.
To have the princeſs to his ſpouſe,
Or elſe to waſte this land.
Except the champions can be found.
That dare fight three to three,
Againſt the prince and giants twain,,
Moſt horrid for to ſee;
Whoſe griſly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come,
With ſerpents hiſſing on their helms,
Inſtead of feather'd Plumes
The princeſs ſhall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and ſaid,
And he that ſhall the conqueſt win,
Shall have her to his bride.
Now we are four damſels ſent abroad,
To the eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth,
To try whoſe fortune is ſo good,
To bring theſe champions forth:
But all in vain we have ſought about,
But none ſo bold their are,
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.
When is the day, quoth Robin Hood?
Tell me this and no more.
On midſummer next, the damſel ſaid,
Which is in June, twenty four.
With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And ſilent was her tongue;
With ſighs and ſobs ſhe took her leave,
And away her palfrey ſprung.
This news ſtruck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the graſs,
His actions and his troubled mind
Shew'd he perplexed was.
Where lies your grief? quoth Will, Scarlet
O maſter, tell to me?
If the damſel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee,

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She does not cauſe my ſmart;
But 'tis the poor diſtreſs'd princeſs
That wounds me to the heart;
I'll go and fight the giants all,
To ſet the lady free.
The D---l take my ſoul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.
Muſt I ſtay behind? quoth Will. Scarlet,
No, no, that muſt not be;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we ſhall be three to three.
Theſe words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy ſhone upon his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did embrace.
Quoth he, we'll put on motley gray,
With long ſtaves in our hands,
A ſcrip and bottle by our ſides,
As come from the holy lands.
So may we paſs along the highway,
None will aſk us from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or elſe ſome holy men.
Now they are on their journey gone,
As faſt as they may ſped,
Yet for all their haſte, 'ere they arriv'd,
The princeſs forth was led,
To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the liſt did ſtand.
Prepar'd to fight, or elſe receive
His lady by the hand.
With that he walk'd about the liſt,
With giants by his ſide;
Bring forth, ſaid he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride:
This is the four and twentieth day,
The day perfix'd upon;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I Swear by Alcaron.
Then cries the king, and queen likewiſe,
Both weeping as they ſpake,

Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forſake.
With that ſtept out bold Robin Hood,
Cries, my leige, it muſt not be ſo;
Such beauty as the fair princeſs
Is not for a tyrant's mow.
The prince he then begun to ſtorm,
Cries, fool, fanatick, baboon!
How dare thou ſtop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.
Thou tyrant, turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I ſcorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defy.
And for thoſe two Goliahs there,
That ſtand on either ſide,
Here are two little Davids by
That ſoon can tame their pride.
Then the king did for armour ſend,
For laces, ſwords, and ſhields;
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching into the field.
The trumpets began to ſound a charge,
Each ſingled out his man;
Their arms in pieces ſoon were hew'd,
Blood ſprang from every vein.
The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
He ſtruck with might and main;
Which made him reel about the field;
As though he had been ſlain.
God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
The quarrel ſhall ſoon be try'd,
This ſtroke ſhall ſhew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.
So from his ſhoulders he cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled ſore at Robin Hood,
To be ſo dealt withal.
The giants then began to rage,
To ſee their prince lie dead,
Thou'll be the next, ſays Little John,

Unleſs thou guard thy head.
With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and ſharp,
He clave the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.
Will Scarlet well had play'd his part,
The giant he brought to his knee,
Quoth Will the devil cannot break his faſt,
Unleſs he have you all three.
So with his falchion he run him thro',
A deep and ghaſtly wound;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curſt and blasphem'd
And then fell to the ground.
Now all the liſts with ſhouts were fill'd,
The ſkies they did reſound,
Which brought the princeſs to herſelf,
Who had fallen into a ſwoon,
The king and queen, and princeſs fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them farther grace.
Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus diſguiſed came,
Whoſe valour ſpeaks that noble blood,
Doth run thro' every vein.
A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave;
By my crown, quoth the king I grant,
Aſk what and thou ſhalt have.
Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green wood.
For Little John and Will. Scarlet,
And for me bold Robin Hood.
Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king;
For thy valour thou haſt ſhewn,
Your pardon I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.
The princeſs I promiſe the victors prize,
She cannot have you all three;
She ſhall chuſe, quoth Robin; ſaid Little John,
Then little ſhare falls to me.
Then did the princeſs view all three,

With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will. Scarlet by the hand,
Saying, here I make my choice.
With that a noble lord ſtept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will. Scarlet in the face,
Then wept moſt bitterly.
Quoth he, I had a ſon like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name is young Gamewell.
Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his knees,
Cries, father, father, here,
Here kneels your ſon, your young Gamewell,
You ſaid, you lov'd ſo dear.
But lord, what embracing and kiſſing was there
When all theſe friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and ſo to the bedding,
And ſo I bid you good night.

LITTLE JOHN *and the four* BEGGARS.

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Beggar.

ALL you that delight for to ſpend ſome time
With a hey down, &c.
A merry ſong for to ſing,
Unto me draw near, and you ſhall hear
How Little John went a begging.
As Robin Hood walked the forreſt along,
And all his yeomandree.
Says Robin ſome of you a begging muſt go,
And Little John, it muſt be thee.
Says John, if I muſt a begging go,
I will have a palmer's weed,
With a ſtaff and a coat, and bags of all ſorts,
The better then ſhall I ſpeed.
Come, now give me a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheeſe,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
That nothing I may leeſe.

Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for ſome relief,
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.
But as he was walking himſelf alone,
Four beggars he chanced to ſpy,
Some deaf, ſome blind, ſome came behind;
Says John, here is a brave company.
Good-morrow, ſaid John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to ſee;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
For I want ſome company.
O what is here to do? ſaid Little John:
Why ring all theſe bells? ſaid he,
What dog is hanging? Come let us be ganging,
That we the truth may ſee.
Here is no dog, one of them ſaid,
Good fellow. I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead, that will give us cheeſe &
And it may be one ſingle penny. (bread
We have brethren in London, another ſaid,
So we have in Coventry,
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crook'd Carl like thee.
Therefore ſtand thee back, thou crooked carl,
And take that knock on the crown;
Nay, ſays Little John, I'll not be gone,
For a bout I will have of you round.
Now have at you all, ſaid Little John,
If you be ſo full of your blows,
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friends or foes,
John nipped the dumb, and made them to roar,
And the blind that could not ſee;
And he that a cripple had been for ſeven years,
He made him run faſter than he,
And flinging them all againſt the wall,
With many a ſturdy bang,
It made John to ſing, to hear the gold ring,
And againſt the walls cry twing.
Then he got out of the beggar's cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold;

Good fortune had I, ſaid Little John,
Such a fight for to behold.
But found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred and three;
If I drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may I die.
And my begging trade I will now give o'er,
My fortune hath been ſo good:
Therefore I will not ſtay, but I will away
To the foreſt of merry Sherwood;
And when to the foreſt of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did ſee
Bold Robin Hood, his maſter good,
And all his company.
What news? what news? ſaid Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How haſt thou ſped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would ſee?
No news, but good, ſaid Little John,
With beggar's full well have I ſped;
Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
In ſilver and gold ſo red.
When Robin Hood, took Little John, by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree;
If we drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may we die.
So to conclude my merry new ſong,
All you that delight to ſing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

ROBIN HOOD *and the* RANGER.

Tune of Arthur-A-Bland.

WHEN phœbus had melted the ſickles of ice,
With a hey down, &c.
And likewiſe the mountains of ſnow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to ſee,
To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilſt through the green vallies he paſs'd,
Where did he behold a forreſter bold,
Who cry'd out, friend, whither ſo faſt?
I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Beſides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.
You'd beſt have a care, ſaid the foreſter then,
For theſe are his majeſty's deer;
Before you ſhall ſhoot, the thing i'll diſpute,
For I am head forreſter here.
Theſe thirteen long ſummers, ſaid Robin, I'm ſure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is ſtrange
You ſhould have more power than I.
This forreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And ſo are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare and ſolemnly ſwear,
I'll not be affronted by you.
The forreſter he had a long quarter ſtaff,
Likewiſe a broad ſword by his ſide;
Without more ado, he preſently drew,
Declaring the truth ſhould be try'd.
Bold Robin Hood had a ſword of the beſt,
Thus e'er he ſhould take any wrong,
His courage was fluſh, he'd venture a bruſh,
And thus they went to it ding dong.
The very firſt blow that the forreſter gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang:
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!
But Robin he ſoon did recover himſelf,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next ſtroke their weapons they broke
Yet never a man there was ſlain.
At quarter ſtaff then they reſolved to play,
Becauſe they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly ſtood,
Unwilling he was to give out.
Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as faſt;

At every ſtroke their jackets did ſmoke ;
Three hours the combat did laſt.
At length in a rage the bold forreſter grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand, ſo ſhaking his hand,
He ſaid, let us freely give o'er ;
Thou art a brave fellow, I needs muſt confeſs
I never knew any ſo good ;
Thou art fit to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.
I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou haſt acted thy part ;
That man that can fight in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart.
ThenRobinHood ſetting his horn to his mouth
A blaſt he merrily blew ;
His yeomen did hear, and ſtraight did appear,
A hundred with ſturdy long bows.
Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green ;
And likewiſe the reſt were glorioufly dreſt,
A delicate ſight to be ſeen !
Lo ! theſe are my yeomen, ſays Robin Hood,
Thou ſhalt be one of the train :
A mantle and bow and quiver alſo,
I give them whom I entertain.
The forreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch a beautiful ſight ;
Then with a long bow they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a rich ſupper that night.
What ſinging and dancing was in the green wood
For joy of another new mate !
With might and delight they ſpent all the night
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
The forreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
As then he was with theſe brave ſouls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take of theſe cheriſhing bowls.
Then RobinHood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow :
This done the next day, ſo gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to yourtruſt
And then we may range the woods wide ;
They all did declare and ſolmnly ſwear,
They'd conquer, or die by his ſide.

ROBIN HOOD *and* LITTLE JOHN.

Tune of Arthur-A-Bland.

WHEN Robin Hood was twenty years old
With a hey down, down and a down,
He happened to meet Little John.
A jolly briſk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a luſty young man.
Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his ſtature was ſeven foot high :
Where ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For ſoon he would make them to fly.
How they came acquainted I'll tell you inbrief
If you would but liſten awhile,
For this very jeſt among all the reſt,
I think may cauſe you to ſmile.
For Robin Hood ſaid to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove,
And ſee that you all obſerve when I call,
While through the foreſt I rove.
We have had no ſport theſe fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go ;
Now ſhould I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will preſently blow.
Then did he ſhake hands with his merry men all
And bid them at preſent good-bye ;
Then as near a brook his journey he took,
A ſtranger he chanc'd to eſpy.
They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way ;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and ſturdily ſtood,
I'll ſhew thee right Nottingham play.
With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a gooſe wing :

The ſtranger reply'd, I'll licker thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the ſtring.
Quoth bold Robin Hood thou doſt prate like an aſs,
For where I do bend but my bow,
I could ſend a dart quite through thy proud heart
Before thou could ſtrike me one blow.
Thou talk'ſt like a coward, the ſtranger reply'd
Well arm'd with a long bow you ſtand,
To ſhoot at my breaſt, while I, I proteſt,
Have nought but a ſtaff in my hand.
The name of a coward quoth Robin I ſcorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy ſake a ſtaff I will take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.
Then Robin Hood ſtept to a thicket of trees,
And choſe him a ſtaff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the ſtranger and merrily ſpoke:
Lo! ſee my ſtaff is luſty and tough,
Now here on this bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win,
The battle and ſo we'll away.
With all my whole heart, the ſtranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out.
This ſaid, they fell to it without more diſpute
And their ſtaffs they did flouriſh about,
At firſt Robin gave the ſtranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring,
The ſtranger he ſaid, this muſt be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.
So long as I'm able to handle a ſtaff.
To die in thy debt, friend I ſcorn,
Then to it both goes, and follow'd their blows,
As if they had been threſhing of corn.
The ſtranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which cauſed the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more ſevere.
So thick and ſo faſt he did lay on him,
With a paſſionate fury and ire;
At every ſtroke he made him to ſmoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the ſtranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with a blow, which laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.
I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
The ſtranger, in laughter, he cry'd;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith, in the flood,
And floating away with the tide,
I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave ſoul,
With thee I will no longer contend;
For needs muſt I ſay thou haſt got the day,
Our battle ſhall be at an end.
Then unto the bank he did preſently wade,
And pull'd him out by a thorn;
Which done at the laſt he blew a loud blaſt
Straightway on his fine bugle horn.
The eccho of which through the vallies didring
At which his ſtout bowmen appear'd.
All cloathed in green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
So up to their maſter they ſteer'd.
O what is the matter quoth Will. Stukely,
Good maſter, you are wet to the ſkin?
No matter, quoth he, the lad that you ſee
In fighting hath tumbled me in.
He ſhall not go ſcot free, the others reply'd,
So ſtraight they were ſeizing him there,
To duck him likewiſe; but Robin Hood cries,
He is a ſtout fellow, forbear.
There's no one ſhall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid,
Theſe bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threeſcore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou ſhalt have a livery ſtraight.
And other accoutrements fitting alſo,
Speak up, jolly blade. never fear;
I'll teach you alſo the uſe of the bow,
To ſhoot at the fat fallow deer.
O here is my hand, the ſtranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.
His name ſhall be alter'd quoth Will. Stukely,
And I will his godfather be;

Prepare then a feaſt, and none of the leaſt,
For we will be merry, quoth he.
They preſently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming ſtrong liquor likewiſe,
They lov'd what was good; ſo in the greenwood
This pretty ſweet babe they baptiz'd.
He was, I muſt tell you, but ſeven feet high,
And may be an ell in the waiſt;
He was a ſweet lad; much feaſting they had,
Bold Robin the chriſtening grac'd,
With all his bowmen, which ſtood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed,
Brave ſtuteley came then with ſeven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed.
This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name ſhall be changed anon;
The words we'll tranſpoſe; ſo wherever he goes,
His name ſhall be call'd Little John.
They all with a ſhout made the elements ring;
So ſoon as the office was o'er,
To feaſting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled ſtrong liquor gillore.
Then Robin he took the pretty ſweet babe.
And cloath'd him from top to toe
In garments of green moſt gay to be ſeen,
And gave him a curious long bow.
Thou ſhalt be an archer as well as the beſt,
And range in the green wood with us,
Where we will not want gold or ſilver, behold
While biſhops have ought in their purſe.
We live here like 'ſquires or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feaſt of good cheer, with wine, ale and beer,
And every thing at our command.
Then muſic and dancing did finiſh the day,
At length, when the ſun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.
And ſo ever after, as long as they liv'd,
Although he be proper and tall,
Yet nevertheleſs, the truth to expreſs,
Still Little John they did him call.

The BISHOP *of* Hereford's *Entertainment by* ROBIN HOOD *and* LITTLE JOHN, *&c.*

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood
And ſome of barons bold ;
But I'll tell you how he ſerv'd the biſhop of
When he robb'd him of his gold. [Hereford,
As it befel in merry Barnſdale,
And under the green wood tree,
The biſhop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.
Come kill a ven'ſon ſaid bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer,
The biſhop of Hereford is to dine with me to
And he ſhall pay well for his cheer. [day,
We'll kill a fat ven'ſon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And dreſs it by the highway ſide,
And we will watch the biſhop narrowly,
Leaſt ſome other way he ſhould ride.
Robin Hood dreſt himſelf in ſhepherd's attire,
With ſix of his men alſo ;
And when the biſhop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.
O what is the matter, then ſaid the biſhop,
Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'ſon,
When your company is ſo few.
We are ſhepherd's, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
And we keep ſheep all the year,
And we are diſpoſed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.
You are brave fellows, ſaid the biſhop,
And the king of your doings ſhall know.
Therefore make haſte, and come along withme.
For before the king you ſhall go.
O pardon, O pardon, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray ;
For it becomes not your lordſhip's coat
To take ſo many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, ſays the biſhop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me
For before the king you ſhall go,
Then Robin ſet his back againſt a tree,
And his foot againſt a thorn,
And from underneath his ſhepherd's coat,
He pull'd out a bugle horn.
He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
Till threeſcore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row?
All makingobeyſance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely ſight to ſee.
What is the matter, maſter, ſaid Little John,
That you blow ſo haſtily?
O here is the biſhop of Hereford.
And no pardon we ſhall have;
Cut off his head, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And throw him into his grave.
O pardon, O pardon, ſaid the biſhop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone ſome other way.
No pardon, no pardon, ſaid Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe:
Therefore make haſte and come along with me,
For to merry Barnſdale you ſhall go.
Then Robin he took the biſhop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnſdale,
He made him to ſtay and ſup with him thatnight
And to drink, wine, beer, and ale.
Call in a reckoning, ſaid the biſhop,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high;
Lend me your purſe, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And I'll tell you bye, and bye.
Then Little John took the biſhop's cloak,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmanteau
He told three hundred pound.
Here's money enough, maſter, ſaid Little John,
a comely ſight 'tis to ſee;

It makes me in charity with the biſhop,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
Robin Hood took the biſhop by the hand,
And he cauſed the muſic to play;
And he made the biſhop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could ſo get away.

ROBIN HOOD *reſcuing the three* SQUIRES *from* Nottingham *Gallows.*

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the foreſt all round;
The foreſt all round ranged he;
O there he did meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.
Why weep you, why weep you, bold Robin he ſaid,
What weep you for gold or fee,
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?
I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do weep for fee,
Nor do I weep for my maidennead,
That is taken from my body.
What weep you for then, ſaid jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me?
Oh! I do weep for my three ſons,
For they are all condemnedto die.
What church have they robbed, ſaid jollyRobin
Or pariſh prieſt have they ſlain?
What maids have they forced againſt theirwill,
Or with other men's wives have lain?
No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd,
No pariſh prieſt have they ſlain;
No maids have they forced againſt their will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.
What have they done then ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell unto me ſpeedily?
Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.
Get you home, get you home, ſaid jolly Robin
Get you home moſt ſpeedily,

And I will for fair Nottingham go,
For the ſake of the 'ſquires all three.
Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.
What news, what news, thou old beggar-man,
What news come tell unto me?
O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham,
For the death of the 'ſquires all three.
This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no diſgrace
To be in the begger-man's ſtead.
Come pull of thy coat thou old beggar-man,
And thou ſhalt put on mine,
And forty good ſhillings I'll give thee to boot,
Beſides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine,
Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great maſter ſheriff,
And likewiſe the 'ſquires all three.
One boon, one boon, ſays jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee,
That as for the deaths of theſe three 'ſquires,
Their hangman I may be.
Soon granted, ſoon granted, ſays maſter ſheriff,
Soon granted unto thee;
And you ſhall have all their gay cloathing,
Aye, and all their white money,
O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blaſts on my bugle horn,
That their ſouls to heaven may flee.
When RobinHood mounted the gallows ſo high
Where he blew loud and ſhrill.
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin's men
Came marching down the green hill.
Whoſe men are theſe, ſays maſter ſheriff,
Whoſe men are they, tell unto me?
O they are mine, but none of thine,
And are come for the 'ſquires all three.

O take them, O take them, ſays great maſter [ſheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man, in fair Nottingham,
Can do the like of thee.

The KING *and* ROBIN HOOD.

To a Northern *Tune.*

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd and more deſir'd,
To ſee both him and them.
Then with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode:
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.
He having ſtaid there ſome time,
But had no hopes to ſpeed,
He and his lords with one accord,
All put on monk's weeds.
From Fountain-Abbey they did ride
Down to Barnſdale;
Where Robin Hood, prepared ſtood,
All company to aſſail.
The king was higher than the reſt,
And Robin thought he had,
An Abbot been whom he had ſeen,
To rob him he was glad.
He took the king's horſe by the head,
Abbot, ſays he, abide;
I am bound to rue ſuch knaves as you
That lives in pomp and pride.
But we are meſſengers from the king
The king himſelf did ſay;
Near to this place his royal grace,
To ſpeak with thee does ſtay.
God ſave the king, ſaid Robin Hood,
And all that wiſh him well;
He that does deny his ſovereignty,
I wiſh he was in hell.
Thyſelf thou curſeſt ſaid the king,
For thou a traytor art:
Nay, but that you are his meſſenger
I ſwear you lie in heart.
For I never yet hurt any man
That honeſt is and true;
But thoſe who give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.
I never hurt the huſbandman,
That uſe to till the ground:
Nor ſpill their blood that range the wood
To follow hawk or hound.
My chiefeſt ſpite to clergy is,
Who in theſe days bear a great ſway
With fryars and monks, with their fine ſprunks,
I make my chief prey.
But I am very glad ſaid Robin Hood,
That I have met you here;
Come before we end, you ſhall my friend,
Taſte of our green wood cheer:
The king he then did marvel much,
And ſo did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
Robin would provide for them.
Robin took the king's horſe by the head,
And led him to the tent:
Thou would not be ſo u'd, quoth he
But that my king thee ſent;
Nay more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's ſake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told
I would not one penny take.
Then Robin ſet his horn to his mouth
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came marching all of a row,

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee,
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a ſeemly ſight to ſee,
Within himſelf the king did ſay,
Theſe men of Robin Hood's
More humble be than mine to me,
So the court may learn of the Woods.
So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Moſt curious to be ſeen.
Veniſon and fowls were plenty there
With fiſh out of the river:
King Richard ſwore, on ſea or ſhore
He never was feaſted better.
Then Robin takes a cann of ale,
Come let us now begin;
And every man ſhall have his cann,
Here's a health unto the king.
The king himſelf drank to the king
So round about it went; (ſtale,
Two barrels of ale, both ſtout and
To pledge that health was ſpent,
And after that a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood,
Until I die, I'll drink wine, ſaid he,
While I live in the green wood.
Bend all your bows, ſaid Robin Hood
And with the grey gooſe wing,
Such ſport now ſhow, as you would
In the preſence of the king. (do
They ſhewed ſuch brave archery,
By cleaving ſtick and wands,
That the king did ſay, ſuch men as
Live not in many lands. (they,
Well, Robin Hood, then ſays the king
If I could thy pardon get,
To ſerve the king every thing,
Would'ſt thou thy mind firm ſet?
Yes with all my heart, bold Robin ſaid,
So they flung off their hoods,
To ſerve the king in every thing,
They ſwore they would ſpend their blood.
For a clergyman was firſt my bane
Which makes me hate them all
But if you'll be ſo kind to me,
Love them again I ſhall:
The king no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd with truth,
I am the king, thy ſovereign king,
That appears before you all.
When Robin ſaw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.
Stand up again, then ſaid the ki n
I'll thee thy pardon give, (tend,
Stand up my friend, who can con-
When I give leave to live?
So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All ſhouting as they came;
But when the people them did ſee,
They thought the king was ſlain.
And for that cauſe the outlaws were
To rule all as they liſt; (come,
And for to ſhun, which way to run,
The people did not wiſt,
The plowmen left the plow in the fields,
The ſmith ran from his ſhop;
Old folks alſo, that ſcarce could go,
Over their ſticks did hop.
The king ſoon did let them under-ſtand
He had been in the green wood,
And from that day for evermore
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
Then the people they did hear,,
And the truth was known;
They all did ſing God ſave the king,
Hang Care, the town's our own.
What's that Robin Hood? then ſaid
That varlet I do hate, (the ſheriff,
Both me and mine he cauſed to dine
And ſerv'd us all with one plate.
Ho, ho, ſaid Robin Hood, I know what you mean,
Come take your gold again,
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And ſo with every man.
Now maſter ſheriff you are paid,
And ſince you are beginner,
As well as you gave me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner
But if that it ſhould pleaſe the king
So much your houſe to grace;
To ſup with you for to ſpeak true,
Know you ne'er was baſe.

The ſheriff could not gainſay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A ſupper was dreſt, the king was a gueſt,
But he thought 'twould have undone him.
They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again,
Many ſuch pranks brave Robin play'd
While he liv'd in the greenwood
Now my friend attend, and hear an end
Of honeſt Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD *and the Golden* ARROW.

WHEN as the ſheriff of Nottingham
Was come with muckle grief;
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That ſtrong and ſturdy thief.
Fal la dal de.
So unto London road he paſt,
His loſſes to unfold
To king Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.
Why, quoth the king what ſhall I do?
Art thou not ſheriff for me?
The law is in force to take thy courſe
Of them that injure thee.
Go get thee gone, and by thyſelf
Deviſe ſome tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all,
Go take thy courſe with them.
So away the ſheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Oft words of the king, and how he thing
To paſs might well be brought.
For within his mind he imagined,
That when ſuch matches were,
Thoſe outlaws ſtout without all doubt
Would be the bowmen there.
So an arrow with a golden head,
And ſhaft of ſilver white,
Who won the day ſhould bear away
For his own proper right.
Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree;
Come prepare you then my merry men
We'll go yon ſport to ſee.
With that ſtept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaſter,
Maſter, ſaid he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not ſtir.
To tell truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile;
The ſheriff I wiſs deviſes this,
Us archers to beguile.
Thou ſmells of a coward, ſaid Robin Hood,
Thy words do not pleaſe me;
Come on't what will I'll try my ſkill
At yon brave archery.
O then beſpoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang;
Come liſten to me how it ſhall be,
That we need not be ken'd.
Our mantles all of Lincoln green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dreſs us all ſo ſeveral,
They ſhall not us perceive,
One ſhall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in diſguiſe, in the exerciſe,
We'll gang whate'er inſue.
Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and ſtout,
Reſolving with the ſheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.
So themſelves they mix'd with the reſt,
To prevent all ſuſpicion;
For if they ſhould together hold,
They thought it no diſcretion.
So the ſheriff looking round about,
Amongſt eight hundred men.

But could not see the sight that he
Had long suspected then.
Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could pass these men,
So bravely they do shoot.
Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, tho' he's bold,
He durst not now appear.
O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood:
E'er long, thought he, thou shalt well see
That here was Robin Hood.
Some cried blue jacket, another cried brown,
And a third cried brave yellow;
But the fourth man said, yon man in red;
In this place has no fellow.
For that was bold Robin Hood himself,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead.
So the arrow with the golden head
And shaft of silver white,
Brave Robin Hood won and bore with him,
For his own proper right.
These outlaws there that very day,
To shun all kinds of doubt.
By three or four, no less nor more,
As they went in came out.
Until they all assembled were
Under the green wood shade,
Where they relate in pleasant sport
What brave pastime they made,
Says Robin Hood all my care is
How that yon sheriff may,
Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.
Says Little John, my counsel good
Did take affect before;
So therefore now if you'll allow,
I will advice once more.
Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood
Thy wit's both quick and sound,
This I advise, said Little John,
That a letter shall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the sheriff shall send.
That is well advised said Robin Hood
But how must it be sent?
Pugh! when you please it's done with ease,
Master, be you content.
I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
And shoot it into the town,
The mark must show where it must go
Whenever it lights down.
The project it was well perform'd,
The sheriff that letter had,
Which when he read he scratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.
So we'll leave him chasing in the grease,
Which will do him no good:
Now my friends attend and hear the end
Of honest Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD *and the valiant* KNIGHT; *with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.*

Tune of Robin Hood *and the* Fifteen Foresters.

WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Derry down, down,
Had reigned many years,

The king was then told that they had beenbold
To his biſhops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.
Therefore they call'd a counſel of ſtate,
To know what was to be done,
For to quell their pride, or elſe they reply'd
The land would be over-run.
Having conſulted a whole ſummers day.
At length it was agreed,
That one ſhould be ſent to try the event,
And fetch him away with ſpeed.
Therefore a truſty and worthy knight
The king was pleas'd to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came
He told him his pleaſure all.
Go from thence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him without more ado,
Surrender himſelf, or elſe the proud elf
Shall ſuffer with all his crew,
Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
All choſen men of might,
Of excellent art for to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright.
Then ſaid the knight, my ſovereign leige,
By me they ſhall be led ;
I'll venture my blood againſt Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.
One hundred men were choſen ſtraight,
As proper as e'er men ſaw.
On midſummer day they marched away
To conquer that brave outlaw.
With long yew bows and ſhining ſpears,
They marched in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or ſtay'd,
'Till they came to the green wood ſide.
Said he to his archers tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need ſhould be, you may follow me,
And ſee that you obſerve my call.
I'll go in perſon firſt he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well ſign'd and ſeal'd, and if he will yield,

We need not draw one ſtring.
He wander'd about till at length he came,
To the tent of Robin Hood,
The letter he ſhows, bold Robin aroſe,
And there on his guard he ſtood.
They'd have me ſurrender quoth Robin Hood.
And lie at their mercy then,
But tell them from me that never ſhall be,
While I have full ſeven ſcore men.
Sir William the Knight both hardy and bold,
Did offer to ſeize him there,
Which William Lockſley by fortune did ſee,
And bid him that trick to forbear.
Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blaſt or twain,
And ſo did the knight, at which there in ſight
The archers came all amain.
Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin we find, he was not behind;
Now this was a bloody fray:
The archer's on both ſides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very firſt flight that honoured knight
Did there bid the world adieu,
Yet nevertheleſs their fight did laſt
From morning till almoſt noon;
Both parties were ſtout, and loth to give out:
This was on the laſt of June.
At length they went off; one party they went
For London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green wood tree,
And there he was taken ill.
He ſent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers run,
It was no time to ſtay.
Some went on board, and croſs'd the ſeas.
To Flanders, France and Spain,
And others to Room for fear of their doom.
But ſoon return'd again.
Thus he that never fear'd bow nor ſpear,

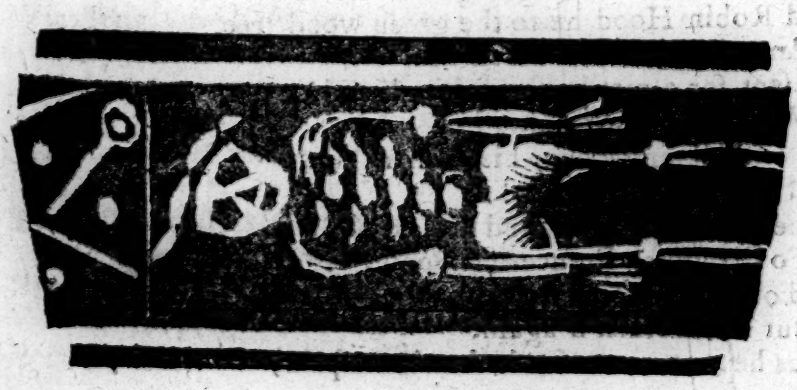
Was murder'd by letting of blood,
And so loving friends, the story doth end
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
There's nothing remains but his Epitaph now,
Which Reader, here you have,
To this very day read it you may,
As it was upon his Grave.

ROBIN HOOD's EPITAPH.

Set on his TOMB

By the Prioress of *Birkslay* Monastry, in *Yorkshire.*

ROBIN, *Earl of* Huntingdon,
Lies under this little Stone;
No Archer *was like him so good;*
His wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
Full thirteen years, and something more,
These Northern parts he vexed sore.
Such Outlaws *as He and his Men*
May England *never know again.*



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A NEW
ROBIN HOOD SONG,
Sung by Mr. BEARD.

AS blithe as the linnet ſing in the green woods,
So blithe we'll wake, we'll wake the morn,
So blithe, &c.

And through the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle bugle horn.
We'll wind, &c.

The ſheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
Bold Robin diſdains to fly ;
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,
Or vanquiſh boys, or die.

Our hearts they are ſtout and our bows they are good,
And well their maſter know :
They're cull'd in the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
And never will ſpare a foe.

Our arrows ſhall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll haunt them all o'er the plain ;
And through the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
No ſhaft ſhall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who ne'er were ſubdu'd,
Gave each his hand ſo bold ;
We'll range through the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
What ſay my hearts of gold.
What ſay, &c.

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F I N I S.